

John Conlee

"Nothing Behind You, Nothing In Sight"

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From Monday till Friday I sell my time
They just want my body; they don't want my mind
& I watch that old paycheck just slip through my hands
Can't even afford no beer with my friends

CHORUS:

Ain't that a hell of a way to live out your life?
Knowing all your tomorrows will be just a lie?
When the worries have stolen the dreams from your
life
& there's nothing behind you & nothing in sight

From daylight till midnight, her work goes on
Raising our children & making our home
She needs a new dress, but the money's all gone
& what she needs most is some time all her own

(chorus)

& there's nothing behind you & nothing in sight

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